

Mail Blog

Cortney Cassidy

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- East Bay Depot for Creative Reuse
- Wikipedia
- Internet Archive

To limit material waste, notify me if:

- you wish to be removed from the mailing list.
- you have a new mailing address.

When issues are returned, I will pause on sending until I hear otherwise.

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AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

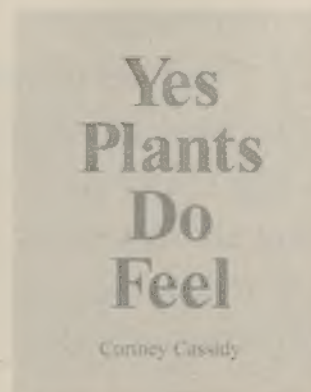
I just wanted to share a zine I made with you, some of the clippings are from the mail blogs ♡

XOXO, Tess	
Thank You	Neeks
Total	

Printed 240 GreatCrazy™ www.postcardchecking.com made in the USA



1. Neighborhood 2. Sledding Hill 3. Walking Path 4. Meadow 5. Waterfall
walkingalbums.bandcamp.com/album/winter-walk



Zine-length poem (as seen in Mail Blog SEP 01 2020) written during another visit to the San Francisco Conservatory of Flowers. A tribute to the most popular response to the title of *Do Plants Feel?*
issue.press/artists/courtney-cassidy



“What kept me writing, when for twenty years I was received by complete silence, is that faith in the necessity to be the artist—and no matter what happens even if there is no one listening.”

Anaïs Nin
In Favor of the Sensitive Man

Anaïs Nin’s definition of *the artist* includes anyone who “can transform ordinary life into a beautiful creation with [their] craft. Not only the actual products of art, but the faculty for healing, consoling, raising the level of life, transforming it by our own efforts.”

“Human life—indeed all life—is poetry. We live it unconsciously, day by day, piece by piece, but in its inviolable wholeness it lives us.”

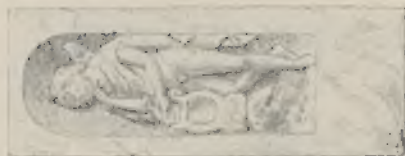
Lou Andreas-Salomé
My Thanks to Freud



“We write to heighten our own awareness of life.”

Anaïs Nin
In Favor of the Sensitive Man





I often find myself experiencing what I call *Virginia Woolf Stage Fright*: the fear of having too small a brain to read Virginia Woolf. This and the scope of her influence, means I have read more books that reference her work or her person than her actual books. I don't think I'll ever be able to tip that scale.

**"No need to hurry.
No need to sparkle.
No need to be anyone
but oneself."**

Virginia Woolf
A Room of One's Own

"I once saw Virginia Woolf leaning on Leonard's arm, under an umbrella"

May Sarton
I Knew A Phoenix

"one cannot pick up a single one of [Virginia Woolf's] books and read a page without feeling more alive. If art is not to be life-enhancing, what is it to be?"

May Sarton
Journal of a Solitude

"what an accidental affair this living is after all our civilization"

Virginia Woolf
The Mark on the Wall

"Joyce was almost instantly canonized; Woolf was either excluded from the canon or admitted grudgingly and with reservations for decades. It is quite arguable that *To The Lighthouse*, with its subtle and effective narrative techniques and devices, has been far more influential on later novel-writing than *Ulysses*, which is a monumental dead end. Joyce, choosing

"silence, exile, cunning," led a sheltered life, taking responsibility for nothing but his own writing and career. Woolf led a fully engaged life in her own country in an extraordinary circle of

intellectually, sexually, and politically active people; and she knew, read, reviewed, and published other authors all her grown life. Joyce is the fragile person, Woolf the tough one; Joyce is the cult object and the fluke, Woolf the continuously fertile influence, central to the twentieth-century novel." (Ursula K. Le Guin in conversation with David Naimon)

"[Virginia Woolf] walking and walking by the flower-beds till it cheers her up, leaves her happily making up phrases."

Ali Smith
Public Library

Nobody But You by Dolly Parton
& *The Merry Melody Singers*

A person dressed exactly like me turns onto the path ahead. I slow down because if I pass them, they will see that I am dressed like them. They will see me as I pass and that I chose not to acknowledge our shared attire. I don't want that exposure. I stop walking and wait until they turn down the same path I intended to walk and change my course.

"Moonlight" I. Adagio sostenuto
(Beethoven) played by Radu Lupu

Two remote control toy cars romp across the playing field, dramatically crashing into each other much to the amusement of a group of day drinkers and the kids at baseball practice.

Hologram by Urinals

A jogger with baywatch legs and a baywatch tan jogs in baywatch-red shorts (38°F).

Letting Go by The Field Mice

I find a patch of snowdrop flowers and send a picture to Pete who first spotted some the weekend before on our unplanned cemetery walk. I also send the picture to Hannah who responds to tell me that her recently acquired car flooded in the car wash.

Falling by Julie Cruise

A jogger has at least fifteen plastic bags of different colors tied all over their dog's harness. I assume the jogger has found themselves in a situation where they didn't have a plastic bag more than once.

waiting for the

After walking around listening to music, I sit on a cold bench in a former rose garden and write in a notebook. It reminds me of *Mrs. Dalloway*, a book from 1925 by Virginia Woolf. I got past my latest round of *Virginia Woolf Stage Fright*. So far, I've read the main character's inner monologue and the narrator's breathless transitions into minds of different park goers who observe a plane in the sky. I don't have the narrative skills to jump through the minds of others near my cold bench,

warm bench

but I do notice that as soon as I sit down on my cold bench and write in my notebook, the person on the warm bench swaps out their reading book for a notebook and also writes. We are both furiously trying to keep up with our inner monologues that no narrator will reveal to the other. And like in *Mrs. Dalloway*, there is a plane in the sky, but unlike in *Mrs. Dalloway*, no one in this park cares. There is a plane passing above us every five minutes, a hundred years later.



When You're Gone by The Cranberries

A person moving on a skateboard captures a slow-panning shot of the geese in the lake. I am hit with heavy grief because it reminds me that ten years ago, four hundred geese were captured from the lake and gassed to death for flight safety. Ours not theirs.

Sciuri Sciura by Blonde Redhead

A young person chases a runaway skateboard down a hill. Both are going the same speed which means the young person might not catch the runaway skateboard.

Suite No. 4 in E-flat major, BWV 1010: I. Prelude (Bach) played by Yo-Yo Ma

Five people practice perfectly synchronized roundhouse kicks.

PLEASE READ CAREFULLY

“A person reading in a room with other people can make those people feel lonely and slightly terrified of whatever secret conversation is going on between a book and the person reading it.”

Anne Boyer

A Handbook of Disappointed Fate



2/1 (Music for Airports) by Brian Eno

I sit on the warm bench in the middle of a work day. There is no one around so I close my eyes until the song is over.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chamber_music

Symphonia Blaro
 a Latin Mass by Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina
 (1521-1594) from the Mass in B-flat major, Op. 10, No. 10. The piece is a beautiful example of the Italian style of the late Renaissance, with its clear, balanced lines and its use of the interval of the fifth.




These, violin, alto, tenor and bass play a quartet as well as the tenor and bass from 1515.

“the music of friends”



Some of Joseph Haydn's Op. 20, No. 4, showing



Baroque musicians playing a trio sonata, 18th-century anonymous painting



Joseph Haydn playing string quartets

“four rational people conversing”



Home music-making in the 19th century; painting by Jutes-Alexandre Grün.



The Knickerbocker String Quartet, led by Franz Knickerbocker. This American ensemble debuted Dvorak's American Quartet, Op. 96.



Amateurs play a string sextet

“chamber film, derived from chamber music, which means an intense focus upon one, two, or four persons, the action confined in time and space and the story intensely intimate.”

John Simon on Ingmar Bergman